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Memories of School

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Ruth Krebs Robinson
North Logan, Utah
December 3, 2018

Memories of School
Personal Experience Narrative

Informant: Ruth Robinson is my 101-year-old neighbor. She was born in North Logan and has never moved more than two blocks from the home she was born in. She was raised in a large family that did not have much money but did have loving parents who worked very hard for the well fare of their children.

Context: Ruth's family worked very hard in order to exist. She felt like her efforts were needed and they really helped her family succeed and thrive. The children in the Krebs home were cherished. She is a lovely lady with memories that make her happy.

Text: I went to school here in North Logan, the little school house they still use (she doesn't know this, but it is no longer in use). We had three rooms that they taught school in. I guess it was first and second in one room, third and fourth in another and then fifth and sixth in a room. There were about 30 in the school. At school, we had to behave and do what was expected of us or we would get in trouble with our parents and they always stuck up for the teacher. They never called my parents about me. My mother took rocks and heated them up in the winter because it was so cold. Then we took a blanket off of our beds and our father would hitch up the team and wagon and we would all load into it with the hot rocks and quilts and he would drive us to school. Along the way, he would pick up other kids and give them a ride to school. Then when we went to high school, we came and rode to high school. Oh, let's see, first I went to North Cache. When we got through with North Cache, they took us over to South Cache in Hyrum. There isn't much difference in the distance between North Cache and South Cache. They are both a long ways away. All of my friends went to the city after they graduated from

high school. My dad was afraid to let me go there. So, he always had said he would pay my way to college if I would stay home. When it was time for college to start, I asked him for the money for college and he opened up his coin purse and gave me ten dollars. He said that was all he had. I was heart- broken. I went on up to college and a nice man gave me a job and somehow got me into college with only ten dollars!

Texture: Ruth told this story with such life and happiness. It was very easy to tell that she loved her life and her parents. Her voice was very sweet and calm.

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